

POETRY.

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft thro' a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seem'd—
Still but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A Father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded Love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touch'd the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh, that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far,
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some precious word e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye.
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality;
Some Martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said—"I know
'That my Redeemer lives.'"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt!

THE SUICIDE POND.

'Tis a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by
tiny rills,
And bosomed in waveless quietude between
two barren hills;—
There is no tree on its rocky marge, save a
willow old and lone,
Like a solitary mourner for its silvan sisters
gone.
The plough of the farmer turneth not the
sward of its barren shore,
Which bears even now the same gray moss
which in other times it bore;—
And seldom or never the tread of man is felt
in that lonely spot,
For with all the dwellers around that pool its
story is unforget.

And why, does the traveller turn aside from
that dark and silent pool,
Though the sun be burning above his head
and the willow's shade be cool?
Or look with fear to its shadowy marge when
night rests darkly there,
And down through its sullen and evil depths
the stars of the midnight glare?
'Tis said that a young and beautiful girl with
a brow and with an eye—
One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and
one like a star on high—
One who was loved by the villagers all, and
whose smile was a gift to them,
Was found one morn in that pool, cold as
the water lily's stem!
Ay—cold as the rank and wasting weeds which
rise in the pool's dark bed,
The village's found that beautiful one in the
slumber of the dead;
She had strangely whispered her dark design in
a young companion's ear,
But so wild and vague that the listener smiled,
and knew not what to fear!
And she went to die in that bathsome pool
when the summer day was done,
With the dark hair curled on her pure white
brow, and her fairest garments on,—
With the ring on her taper finger still, and
the necklace of Ocean's pearl,
Twined as in mockery round the neck of that
suicidal girl!
And why she perished so strangely there no
mortal tongue might tell—
She told her story to none, and Death retains
her story well;—
And the willow which bends its wild old boughs
to the greeting of the breeze,
Is the only trace of the suicide which the cu-
rious traveller sees.

ERRATUM.—In the speech of the Rev. Mr. Richey, page 237, 6th line from bottom of first column, for "imperative," read "imperative"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
J. E. L. MILLER,

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered in town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid in advance—or Six Shillings and Eight pence, if paid quarterly in advance. To Country subscribers, 8s. per annum, including postage.—Subscriptions received by Messrs. M'Leod and J. & T. A. Starke, and by the publisher at the Herald Office.